



A Fawcett Publication

FEBRUARY
NO. 117

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES
10¢

**CAPTAIN MARVEL
SAVES MR. TAWNY
FROM HEADHUNTERS**

*** MR. TAWNY SEEKS
HAPPINESS ***



Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit

This kit includes the new Brownie Hawkeye Camera, flash model, with shutter that sets off the flash. All pre-set at the factory—just aim and shoot. Gets wonderful snapshots. \$12.75.

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Kodak logo

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CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LEWIS WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S LUNNY ANIMALS
 MIKE COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY GAME WESTERN • WYDRA THE JUNGLE GIRL • SAGEE HAYES WESTERN
 CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE WALK WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
 BOB CARROW WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMARLY BURMETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. W. Fawcett, Jr., President



CAPTAIN MARVEL

FIGHTS THE QUICKSAND QUANDARY



WONDERED Billy BA'NSON, Publisher for WHOLESALE, how the word "quagmire" is so inconspicuously changed into powerful CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MORAL, WHO CONTAINS IN HIS UNFOLDING "BRIDGE THE FORTRESS OF SIX OF THE HIGHEST HEROES OF ALL TIME!"

Quagmire means
 Mire
 Mire
 Mire
 Mire
 Mire
 Mire



DEATH CAN COME IN A MULTITUDE OF WAYS, BUT NO FORM OF EXTINCTION IS MORE CAUSTIC THAN TO SINK SLOWLY AND AGONIZINGLY INTO A BED OF CLINGING QUICKSAND! AND WHEN A HORRIBLE QUICKSAND MENACE REARS ITS UGLY HEAD IN THE HEART OF A CITY, EVEN CAPTAIN MARVEL, WORLD'S HIGHEST MORAL, SEEMS HELPLESS!

BILLY BA'NSON, BOY BROADCASTER OF STATION WHIZ, ENJOYS HIS LUNCH HOUR STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK!

THIS IS GOOD EXERCISE!

GOLLY ALL OF A SUDDEN IT'S HARD WORK! I'M STARTING TO PUFF AND PANT!



THAT'S FUNNY! I ALMOST FEEL AS IF I'M WADING THROUGH MUD OR SOMETHING!



GOLLY MOLLY! THE GROUND IS SOFT SUDDENLY! I'M SINKING! IT'S LIKE QUICKSAND!



AND WHERE NO QUICKSAND EVER EXISTED BEFORE THERE IS... SUDDENLY A WIDE BED OF THE SUCKING HORROR!



IT'S PULLING ME DOWN FAST! SHAZAM!

IN ANSWER TO THE MYSTIC NAME, MAGIC LIGHTNING CRASHES DOWN THUNDEROUSLY, AND THE STRUGGLING BOY VANISHES!



IN HIS PLACE APPEARS CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MORTAL WHO EASILY ESCAPES THE FLUID TRAP!

WHERE DID THIS QUICKSAND COME FROM? IT'S LIKE BLACK MAGIC!



THE WHOLE PARK HAS TURNED INTO A QUICKSAND BOG! THIS IS FANTASTIC!



OTHERS ARE IN DANGER, TOO!

HELP!

GOLLY MOLLY!

I'VE GOT YOU SON!
BUT THAT GIRL NEEDS
RESCUE, TOO!



HELY HOLEY! I'VE
GOT A JOB ON
MY HANDS!



THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORAL
CONDUCTS A MASS RESCUE
THROUGH THE STRICHEN AREA!

AIMS ON
EVERYBODY!



OUTSIDE THE
PARK LATER....

IT'S
SOLID AND
SAFE HERE,
FOLKS!

BUT WHAT DID
IT? HOW COULD
ALL THAT GROUND
SUDDENLY TURN
INTO QUICKSAND?
HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

CRACK

OHGOSH!
QUICKSAND IS
FORMING HERE,
TOO!

HELP!

AND THAT
CAR DROVE
RIGHT
INTO IT!





I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE PUNY! MOST OF MY QUICKSAND GIL WAS USED UP ANYWAY! BUT I MUST ESCAPE! HE WON'T KNOW WHICH TUNNEL I TOOK!

**CRASH
SMASH
BAM!**

WHICH WAY DID HE GO? IT'S A BLIND GUESS, BUT I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!

LATER...

HE GOT AWAY! BOGGONE! WHO WAS HE? I DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIS FACE! BUT I'LL RUSH TO STATION WHIZ AND NOTIFY THE POLICE TO WATCH FOR HIM!



BUT AT THE STATION WHIZ BUILDING, WHICH IS NEAR THE PARK, CAPTAIN MARVEL COMES UPON A STAGGERING SIGHT!

HOLY MOLEY! QUICKSAND FORMED UNDER OUR BUILDING, 'TODAY STATION WHIZ IS SINKING!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO—TAKE THE BUILDING AWAY! HEAVE HO!



NO FEAT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, AND...



HOLD THERE, EVERYBODY! I'LL SET THE BUILDING DOWN SAFELY OUTSIDE TOWN!

IT LOOKS FUNNY OUT HERE, BUT I HAD TO MOVE IT! NOW BACK TO THE CITY!



HOLY MOLEY! IF THAT QUICKSAND SPREADS AND ENGULFS THE WHOLE CITY IT WILL CAUSE A GHOSTLY HORROR! A WHOLE CITY SINKING IN A QUICKSAND BED, WITHOUT A TRICE! I'VE GOT TO CHECK WITH THE CITY COUNCIL!



SOON, AT AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE CITY COUNCIL....

OUR ONLY HOPE IS THE QUICKSAND FIGHTER CORPORATION! FLY ME TO THEIR OFFICE QUICKLY, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



I NEVER HEARD OF THIS OUTFIT BEFORE!

IT'S THE ONLY BUSINESS OF ITS KIND KNOWN! I GUESS SNOOD-GRASS NEVER HAD MUCH TRADE BEFORE, BUT NOW HE'S GOT A BIG JOB TO HANDLE FOR US!



YES, I CAN STOP THE QUICKSAND! OF COURSE MY FEE WILL BE HIGH--A MILLION DOLLARS!



ANYTHING! JUST STOP IT! I'LL SIGN THE CONTRACT!

ALL RIGHT! CEMENT POURED INTO THE QUICKSAND WILL STOP IT AND HARDEN IT! LET'S SEE, I'LL HIRE A THOUSAND MIXERS, A THOUSAND TRUCKS AND TEN THOUSAND MEN AND...



WELL, I'LL TAKE DAYS TO GET GOING ON THAT BIG PROJECT!

LET ME HANDLE IT! NOW THAT I KNOW CEMENT WILL STOP THE QUICKSAND, I CAN GET GOING!



SOON, CAPTAIN MARVEL WORKS AT A FURIOUS FACE AND.....

I'LL NEED YOUR BIGGEST MIXER AND ALL YOUR CEMENT! CHARGE IT TO THE CITY COUNCIL! AND I DON'T NEED ANY HELPERS! THEY'D JUST GET IN MY WAY!



GOSH! HE'S EQUAL TO A HUNDRED MEN!



NOW OFF TO THE PARK WITH THIS FRESH CEMENT!



AND DOWN INTO THE QUICKSAND!

ALL NIGHT LONG THE WORLD'S
RIGHTMOST MORTAL LABORS
AT HIGH SPEED!

I'LL
DUMP DOWN A
THOUSAND LOADS
IF NEED BE!



AND AT DAWN...

SOLID
AGAIN! THE CEMENT
MIXED INTO THE QUICK-
SAND AND HARDENED
UP THE SOIL AGAIN,
LIKE BEFORE! AND THE
QUICKSAND DIDN'T HAVE
A CHANCE TO SPREAD
FAR IN THE CITY! THE
DANGERS OVER!



LEER IN THE OFFICE OF SNOODGRASS.

ER... YOU CAN
DEDUCT FIFTY
PERCENT FOR
CAPTAIN MARVEL'S
FREE LABOR, BUT
YOU STILL OWE ME
A HALF MILLION
FOR MY FEE!

IT'S
WORTH IT,
SNOODGRASS!



REMAIN,
WHAT'S
THIS?

WHY? LOOK AT THIS!
SNOODGRASS WAS THE
GUY I MET DOWN IN
THE SEWER PUMPING
OUT THE QUICKSAND OIL!



WHAT A
WRECH! CITIES
SELDOM HAVE QUICK-
SAND, SO TO DRUM
UP BUSINESS YOU
CREATED YOUR OWN
QUICKSAND OIL!

WE KNEW THE CITY WOULD HAVE
TO COME HIM TO FIGHT THE
QUICKSAND SINCE HIS WAS THE ONLY
QUICKSAND FIGHTING COMPANY
KNOWN! NOW I'LL TAKE HIM
TO JAIL... QUICK!

THANKS, CAPTAIN
MARVEL, FOR EXPOSING
THAT CROOK!



THAT'S THAT! BUT THERE'S SOME
OTHER LITTLE THING I OUGHT
TO DO... HM... IT'S IN THE BACK
OF MY MIND, BUT I CAN'T
SEEM TO THINK OF IT
RIGHT NOW!



WHAT LITTLE THING
WAS IT?... HOLY
MOLLY! NOW IT
COMES TO ME!
THE STATION
WHIZ BUILDING
IS STILL WAY OUT
IN THE COUNTRY! I'VE
GOT TO BRING IT
BACK! SO LONG,
FOLKS!



Capt. Kid

in THE FATAL TRIP





WELL, WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING, BETTY MAS?



HEY! IT'S A DOG!



NOW! NOW I'M WAITING FOR A LAUNDRY! HELP!



(SHE) THAT WAS SURE CLOSE! NOW I'D BETTER GO BACK AND GET BETTY MAS!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? PLEASE YOU KEEP ME WAITING THEN YOU DRIVE OFF WITHOUT ME!



— THAT DOG JUMPED INTO THE BACK SEAT AND I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU!

YOU MISTOOK A DOG FOR ME.



THIS IS THE END! GOODBYE!





GOLLY! I SURE MESSED THINGS UP!



WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GET THE CAR BACK BECAUSE I GOT INTO TROUBLE WITH YOU TOO!



IT IS CAPTAIN KIP GETS HOME...



OH ALL THINGS TO GET A FLAT TIRE, AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIX IT! I'LL JUST HAVE TO LEAVE IT HERE!



WHERE'S THE CAR? AND DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T TAKE IT!

DON'T GET ANGRY FOR I HAD A FLAT TIRE AND HAD TO LEAVE IT ON THE STREET ABOUT A MILE FROM HERE!



I'LL GET ANGRY ABOUT THAT LATER! RIGHT NOW I NEED TO DRIVE ME HOME BECAUSE OF HIS BAD LEG AND I HAVE TO GO BY PROMISE, SO---



SO... 'Faster! Faster!' DON'T FORGET YOU'RE TAKING THE PLACE OF THE CAR MUCH! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN IN THE FIRST PLACE!

I SURE HOPE I LEARNED MY LESSON THIS TIME!



CLUB MEMBERS! HERE'S YOUR PROGRAM & MONTHLY CODE MESSAGE!

USE YOUR CODE FINELY... BY CUTTING THIS OUT!

ENRYM P56G DLROW 62666M YU 6L7L 6A7P76H
PVM VILDKZNG 6H 6L77S 6LP 66W H6L66W 666W
L6L 66ZG 6L6W Y6 6676666V, 6L66666 66⁷ 666
66ZG 6H V6Z6666 6666 6666666V 6L
Z66666 66666 66666 6666 666 666 666 666
ZV66 66 66 6666 666666 666666!
66666 666 66!

THE NOVA MENACE

A Jon Jarl Adventure

By Eando Binder



PLUTO, outermost of the nine planets, hung in the firmament before the rocket ship of Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the Space Police. Beyond stretched only the emptiness of outer space and the remote stars.

Jon was on routine patrol to Pluto. On that frigid planet lived the Silicon People who had once attempted to make the solar system, but had been defeated. Thereafter the Space Patrol kept rigid watch on their world.

Jon's radar screen suddenly gave a blip. Jon frowned as he followed the course of the object. It was small, shaped like a torpedo, and was heading into outer space. What was it? Where was it going? Had the Silicon People sent it off?

Jon landed in the main city and stepped out in an electrically-heated suit covering him from head to toe. No human being could live in the cold Plutonian air, with a temperature of two hundred degrees below zero. Yet the native Silicon People walked around in scanty clothing. To them it was a balmy day. Cold or heat meant nothing to them.

Jon had an audience with the King of Pluto and came right to the point. "My radar detected some sort of rocket bomb that you sent into outer space. What was it for?"

The King grinned mockingly. "Frightened, Earthling? But of what? If we had shot the bomb the other way, toward Earth, you would have reason to be suspicious. But what is the harm of sending a rocket into open outer space? It was just a little experiment in recording the temperature out there."

Jon knew it was a lie but further questioning got no added information, so he left. After all, what harm could a rocket do in empty space?

The next day, as Jon continued his patrol near Pluto, he began to feel warm. Soon, sweat poured off his forehead. Jon checked his air conditioning device but nothing was wrong with it. So something outside must be causing the heat. Jon glanced out into the regions of outer space and a gasp tore from his lips.

There, among the tiny stars, was a huge nova! A star which had exploded and increased its size by a hundredfold. Such novae occurred now and then, as seen in telescopes, but always the exploding star had been so far

away that it was a mere curiosity of science. But after a rapid check-up with his instruments, Jon's face was white.

"That nova," he choked, "is only a few million miles from our solar system! Those fiery intense rays will beat down on our world and threaten all life itself!"

In the next week, while the nova flared in all its fury, temperatures shot up on all worlds by fifty degrees. All people were forced to stay indoors. Some died from heat and exposure, but the rest were saved. Finally the nova waned and went dim, and vanished.

Jon was puzzled. The whole thing was queer. First of all, the next nearest star was Alpha Centauri, trillions of miles away. This nova had been much nearer. Therefore it could not have been a star. Also the nova had been tiny, as compared to what the nova of a big star would be. Was it just some small wandering asteroid in outer space that had flared up? But how could it? Only burning stars could explode into novae.

Suddenly it all clicked in Jon's mind and he once more rushed to confront the King of Pluto. "You caused that nova!" he accused hotly. "You sent out a rocket bomb to hit an asteroid in space, setting off an atomic chain reaction. The asteroid blew up into a nova. A small one, and not very dangerous, but enough to give the solar system a fright. Now explain it all—and your story had better be good! Why did you do it?"

The King of Pluto leered. "You might as well know the truth, Earthling," he drawled. "That was an experiment showing us the way to at last wipe out all life in the solar system except us Silicon People!"

Jon gasped at the sheer stark audacity of it. His hand went to his ray gun, but the King grinned calmly. "My guards have you covered. Idiot, from a dozen hiding places."

The King went on. "Now listen. Yes, we sent that small rocket bomb which you detected. It met a tiny asteroid, as we planned, and exploded it into a tiny nova. Now, imagine what a big nova will do? For you see, we are next going to shoot a giant atomic rocket at

the star Alpha Centauri, making it explode into a nova!"

Jon shuddered. "You can't do it," he whispered. "You couldn't be that heartless. It would wipe out all life in our solar system!"

"Not all life," denied the King. "You forget we Silicon People ignore heat and cold. You mean all carbon life will die. That is, all creatures whose basic protoplasm is composed of carbonaceous organic compounds. And that includes all life as you know it—all your people and the Martians and other races and also all animals and insects. When the big nova flashes out with its burning rays, every bit of life in the solar system will be boiled alive—except us!"

Jon could only listen numbly, stunned.

"We Silicon People are composed of silicon compounds, closely related to sand, for instance. Thus, like sand, we are impervious to heat and cold and almost all ordinary agencies of destruction. While the nova is burning you all to a cinder, we will only mop our brows and remark that it's rather a warm day!"

Jon groaned. Every word was true. Carbon life on all the worlds would be annihilated by the nova. Only the silicon life of Pluto would survive. After the nova had died down, the Plutonians would inherit the entire solar system for their own, to colonize and inhabit. Mankind on Earth would only be a memory.

"So you see," gloated the King. "We don't have to fight you in order to win out. You liked us in the war, but you can't lick a nova!"

And worst of all, nobody back in the solar system knew of this hideous plot. The tiny nova had been put down as an accidental phenomenon of space. Only Jon Jarl knew of the rocket sent out by the Plutonians.

"And of course," Jon muttered aloud. "You'll kill me now, so the news doesn't leak out."

The King shook his head. "No, we won't kill you. We'll let the nova kill you. We'll keep you alive till then, so we can watch you squirm in agony before you die. Until then you are our guest, shall we say?"

Guest? It was horrible mockery. Jon was led to see the giant rocket bomb being completed. Soon it would plunge into space and strike a star, exploding it into a frightful nova. Jon writhed mentally. Was civilization doomed at the hands of these inhuman monsters?

Jon went berserk under the strain. Yelling, he sprang at the King, pounding with his fists. The King only laughed, not feeling the blows as Jon bruised his knuckles. Jon sobbed in helpless rage. There was no way to fight these Silicon Men. They were as strong and hard as stone or glass!

Glass! As that word sprang into Jon's mind, he suddenly knew one way to fight them. He snatched up a big metal wrench and began banging it against the side of the rocket. A deafening clang split the air. Two guards first rushed at Jon, then staggered back and ran for their lives.

Noise! Vibration! These were the only things the Silicon People feared. Their hard crystalline bodies could be shattered by resonant sound vibrations, just like glass itself!

Soon, as Jon kept up his banging, all the guards had left, followed by their frightened King. Jon was alone with the rocket. It was simple then for him to tamper with the rocket's controls. He set the timer for take-off, with enough time intervening for him to gain his own ship and leave Pluto.

Jon then watched the mighty rocket roar up and hurtle into space. But Jon had timed it for empty reaches of space with nothing in its way. It would go on endlessly, and never meet a star or create a nova. The big danger was over.

AS FOR the heartless Silicon People, Jon had it figured out. He sent down a radio message that he knew had to be obeyed. "Deliver your King to me as a prisoner, or I'll fly over your city and turn on my Police Siren! The noise would drive you all into the hills. It's run by powerful atomic energy. The King will be arrested and tried in the Interplanetary Courts."

Jon paused and went on grimly. "As for the rest of you, don't try any more plots against the solar system. Just remember that we can easily wipe you all out with a very simple weapon—our loud notes!"

THE END

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Captain MARVEL

MR. TAWNY SEEKS HAPPINESS



WHAT IS HAPPINESS?
WHERE DO YOU
FIND IT? HOW CAN YOU
TRACK IT DOWN?

IF THOSE QUESTIONS
TROUBLE YOU AT TIMES
THEY ALSO BOTHER MR.
TAWNY, THE TALKING TIGER!
AND HELPED BY CAPTAIN
MARVEL, MR. TAWNY CON-
DUCTS A WORLD-WIDE
SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS,
FINDING IT AT LAST IN THE
MOST AMAZING OF ALL
PLACES ON EARTH!

AS USUAL, SATURDAY AFTERNOON FINDS
MR. TAWNY TAWNY, THE CIVILIZED TIGER
WORKING AROUND HIS COTTAGE HOME!

ALWAYS THE
SAME THING!
THE LAWN NEEDS
CUTTING EVERY
TIME I TURN
MY BACK!



AND THE HOUSE NEEDS
PAINTING!



AND THE GARDEN
NEEDS TENDING! I
CAN'T KEEP UP WITH
THESE CROCKS!
IT'S GETTING
MONOTONOUS!



THE MYSTIC WORD IS ANSWERED BY A THUNDEROUS CRASH OF MAGIC LIGHTNING AND BILLY IS CHANGED INTO...

BOOM!

—CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S NIGHTMIST MORTAL!

MR TOWNY PROBABLY TOOK A FAST TRANSATLANTIC AIRLINER, SO HE'S OVER IN THE CASBAH ALREADY! I'VE GOT TO HURRY!

THE CASBAH IS WAY OVER IN ALGERIA, NORTH AFRICA! WHAT KIND OF FOLLOE IS MR TOWNY IN?

HERE'S THE OLD QUARTER OF ALGERIA, WHERE THE CASBAH LIES! I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH ALL THE DIVES FOR MR TOWNY!

BEANBULE HAS MR TOWNY FOUND HAPPINESS?
AH! THIS IS THE LIFE! HOW EXOTIC AND EXOTIC THIS IS, IN THE FAMOUS CASBAH! I'M HAPPY NOW! I FEEL GREAT! I'LL TAKE A GOOD DEEP BREATH AND ENJOY IT ALL...

COUGH! CHOKER! BY WORD, BUT THIS... COUGH... AIR IS SMOGY! I CAN HARDLY BREATHE...
WACK! WACK!

DOH! I TRIEPPED! PAROCH ME, MREUR!
UH...ER...OH, QUITE ALL RIGHT, I ASSURE YOU!





SHE IS MY GIRL!
I WILL CUT YOUR
BEARD OUT!

WUPP!
P-PLEASE,
DAD--THIS IS ALL
A MISTAKE!



B-BUT,
DAD!
WOULDN'T
YOU
LISTEN?

BAH! THE
DANCE SHE
WILL GET
YOU NEXT
TIME!

HOLY
MOLEY!



COOL DAD,
MY MOM REMEMBERED
FRIEND!

CAPTAIN
MARVEL!
THANK
HEAVEN!



I'VE GOT TO GET
YOU OUT OF THIS
HORRIBLE CABBAH!
WHY DID YOU FLEE
HERE, MR TANNY?
WHAT'S YOUR BIG
TROUBLE?

TROUBLE?
I'M NOT IN
TROUBLE,
CAPTAIN
MARVEL!
I WAS JUST
SEEKING
HAPPINESS!



LIFE WAS
DULL AT HOME,
SO I CAME
HERE TO FIND
HAPPINESS!
BUT I DIDN'T
FIND IT--
SLEP!--(IN
THE CABBAH)

OF COURSE
NOT! THE GRASS
JUST SEEMS
GREENER ON
THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE FENCE ALL
THE TIME!



NOW GIVE
UP THIS
FOOLISH
NOTION! GO
BACK YOUR
SADDE! I'LL
TAKE YOU
HOME WHERE
YOU
BELONG!

YES,
CAPTAIN
MARVEL!



BUT MR TANNY DOES NOT
GIVE UP HIS STRANGE
QUEST!

CAPTAIN
MARVEL DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND! HE'LL TRY
TO TALK ME OUT OF IT! SO
I'LL SNEAK AWAY! I MUST
FIND HAPPINESS
SOMEWHERE

MUCH LATER, WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL CHECKS UP...

GAUBOSH! HIS TAWNY SNEAKED AWAY SECRETLY! WHERE DID HE GO? HOW IN THE WORLD WILL I FIND HIM?



Very LATER...

THE RUGGED ADVENTUROUS LIFE--- THAT MUST BE THE KEY TO HAPPINESS! I'M GOING TO BE THE FIRST MAN---OR TIGER--- TO CLIMB MOUNT EVEREST! EXCELSION!



WHAO! I DID IT! NOW I KNOW TRUE HAPPINESS!



WHAT A PROUD MOMENT THAT WILL BE, WHEN I WAVE FROM THE VERY TIP OF MOUNT EVEREST!

BUT HALF-WAY UP THE MIGHTY MOUNTAIN, WHICH HAS NEVER YET BEEN CONQUERED...



I'M FREEZING! AND MY P-FEET ARE READY TO D-D-DROP OFF! I'LL NEVER REACH THE TOP! INSTEAD OF BEING HAPPY, I'M UTTERLY MISERABLE NOW!



YIPES! THE CLIFF GAVE WAY!

CRACK!

BUT A COMMON SCAR STREAKS DOWN FROM THE SKY!



CAPTAIN MARVEL! BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! MY MIND MUST HAVE SNAPPED! IT'S A HALLUCINATION!

NO, I'M REAL, MR TAWNY! AND IT'S A GOOD THING I KEPT SEARCHING AROUND THE WHOLE WORLD FOR YOU! FINALLY I HEARD FROM THE LOCAL NATHAN THAT A TIGER IN CLOTHES WAS CLIMBING THIS MOUNTAIN! I KNEW IT WAS YOU!







Captain MARVEL

BATTLED
**THE INFLAMMABLE
WATER**



HELP! THIS
WATER IS BURNING
TOO!

HOLY
MOLEY! THE
WHOLE OCEAN
IS ABLAZE!

WATER IS VERY IMPORTANT IN OUR LIVES!
IT QUENCHES OUR THIRST! IT COOKS
OUR MEALS! IT PUTS OUT DANGEROUS FIRES!

BUT WHAT MADNESS WOULD RESULT IF ALL
WATER BECAME INFLAMMABLE? ASK
CAPTAIN MARVEL AND WATCH HIS FACE
TURN PALE, FOR HE WELL REMEMBERED
THE DAY WHEN WATER BURNED!

THE LIFELINES OF AMERICA ARE ITS HIGHWAYS,
LINKING CITY TO CITY CARRYING HEAVY TRAFFIC!



AND THIRSTY CARS NEED FUEL!



LARRY BARTON, GAS STATION OWNER, IS WELL PLEASED!

BUSINESS IS GOOD! THIS IS THE ONLY GAS STATION JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY! AND IF ANY RIVAL SHOW UP I ALWAYS RUN 'EM OUT OF BUSINESS, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!



WONDER WHAT THAT NEW BUSINESS ACROSS FROM ME IS GOING TO BE? I'LL FIND OUT!



HEY STRANGER! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO GET—WATER?

NO, HOT WATER!



FUEL FOR CARS?

WHAT? YOU'RE GOING TO BE A RIVAL OF MINE? YOU'VE GOT GASOLINE DOWN IN THAT WELL!



OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN TRICKS, OPENING UP ACROSS FROM ME TRYING TO RUN ME OUT OF BUSINESS, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU SMART!

MEANWHILE, RETURNING TO THE CITY FROM A BUSINESS TRIP ARE STERLING MORRIS, OWNER OF STARCH WHEE, AND BILLY BAYSON, HIS STAR BOY NEWSCASTER.



WE NEED GAS! I'LL TURN OFF AT THAT SIGN!



HEY, WHAT GOES ON HERE? A FIGHT? SHAZAM!

MAGIC LIGHTNING THUNDERBOLTS
DOWN AT THE ANCIENT NAME,
AND GILLY VANISHES!

BOOM!

IN HIS PLACE APPEARS MIGHTY
CAPTAIN MARVEL, WHO IS
ALWAYS A PEACEMAKER!

WELL, IT
WAS YOU FIRST!



NOW
WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE?

GUS GORDON IS
OPENING A GAS STATION
ACROSS FROM ME!

THERE'S NO
LAW AGAINST
THAT!



WAIT A MINUTE!
THIS IS NO GAS STATION!
THAT'S A PLAIN WATER WELL!
YOU CAN'T PUMP UP PURE
GASOLINE FROM UNDERGROUND!



HAY! THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT WAS I
WORRIED ABOUT IN THE FIRST PLACE?
GOING TO RUN CARS WITH WATER,
CHEM? HAY, HAY!

DON'T LAUGH
TOO SOON, BARTON!
IT'S SO HAPPENING I'M A
CHEMIST AND I JUST
PERFECTED THIS
ACID ACTIVITY!



IT'S A REMARKABLE
CHEMICAL ABLE TO
REARRANGE THE MOLECULES
OF WATER AND MAKE IT
INFLAMMABLE!

WHAT? YOU'RE
GOING TO MAKE
WATER BURN?
HAY!



YES! LIGHT A
MATCH AND SEE!

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU
INSIST I'LL MAKE A
FOOL OF YOU!





AN AMAZING SCIENTIFIC
MIRACLE OCCURS
BEFORE THEIR EYES!

HOLY MOLLEY!
BURNING WATER!
IT'S FANTASTIC!



AND IT'S AS GOOD AS GASOLINE!
IT WILL RUN CARS! WATCH
AND SEE, SIR!

MY WORD!
ARE YOU
SURE?



IT WORKS!
JUST LIKE
GASOLINE!
AMAZING!

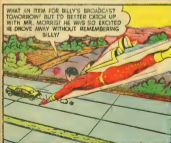


AND SOON, AS
OTHER DRIVERS
SEE AND THE
NEWS SPREADS

FILL 'ER UP!
AND I CAN SELL
THIS CHEAP FUEL FOR
ONLY FIVE CENTS A GALLON!

WOW!
WOW!

BLAST YOU!
YOU'LL RUN ME
OUT OF BUSINESS!



WHAT AN ITEM FOR BILLY'S BROADCAST
TOMORROW! BUT TO BETTER CATCH UP
WITH MR. MORRIS! HE WAS SO EXCITED
HE DROVE AWAY WITHOUT REMEMBERING
BILLY!



THE NEXT DAY, AS BILLY GIVES THE NEWS....

POLICE! SCIENCE KEEPS ADVANCING!
WE HAVE ALWAYS USED WATER
TO PUT OUT FIRES! BUT GUS
GORDON HAS FOUND THE WAY
TO MAKE WATER ITSELF
BURN! IT'S SCIENTIFIC
MAGIC!

AFTER THE BROADCAST...



NOTHING LIKE A NICE COOL DRINK OF WATER, IS THERE?

YOU SAID IT BILLY!



YEP! THIS WATER BURNS! HELP!

HOLY MOLEY SHAZAM!



AGAIN MAGIC LIGHTNING BRINGS THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MORTAL!



THE BEST WAY TO PUT OUT YOUR BURNING CLOTHES IS TO ROLL YOU UP IN THIS RUG!



BUT--HOW COULD WATER BURN LIKE THAT?

IT TASTES FUNNY! HOLY MOLEY! IT MUST BE THE SAME ACTIVATED WATER THAT GUS GORDON MADE! BUT HOW COULD IT GET HERE?



I'VE GOT TO SEE GUS GORDON ABOUT THIS MYSTERY!



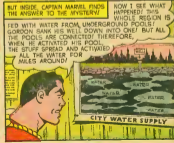
BUT SUDDENLY....

HELP!

HOLY MOLEY THAT CAR'S ON FIRE!

CLANG CLANG







AFTER THE GRIM STORY IS TOLD....



AND SOON...



the more the merrier.....
JOIN THE CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB!

CAPTAIN MARVEL
 Name: _____
 Address: _____
 City: _____
 State: _____
 Zip: _____

SEND TO THE CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB

When we see your request, we'll send you a membership card and a secret code. We'll also send you a membership button to wear on your uniform. We'll send you a membership card and a secret code. We'll also send you a membership button to wear on your uniform.

- HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:
 - MAGIC MEMBERSHIP CARD
 - SECRET CODE
 - OFFICIAL CLUB BUTTON





**BOYS-
GIRLS-**

GET YOUR CAPTAIN MARVEL
SWEATER TODAY! JUST
SEND COUPON BELOW AND
PAY POSTMAN ON ARRIVAL

THE PERFECT
CHRISTMAS GIFT



THEY'RE
BARGAINS!

The sweaters shown above, just like the one Billy Batson is wearing, were made especially for CAPTAIN MARVEL fans like yourself. They're 100% Pure Virgin Wool and come in three colors—with a picture of CAPTAIN MARVEL woven on both the front and back. You'll love one—and so will your friends. But most important, your mom and dad will like them too, because each one is guaranteed! They cost \$2.95 each and, if you are not absolutely satisfied your money will be fully refunded. You just can't go wrong! Get together with mom or dad and mail this coupon today!

CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB
Baltimore, Connecticut

Please send me the CAPTAIN MARVEL sweater described. I will pay the postman (USA) each, plus postage, on arrival.

Color Description	SIZE
WHITE, Red and Blue	
WHITE, Blue and Navy	
YELLOW, Red and Navy	

Available sizes 4, 6, 8, 10

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____

Money and Cash - You will be paid if merchandise is returned

Remember...
...THEY'RE GUARANTEED

AND

ONLY
\$2.95!

(Formerly \$3.95)

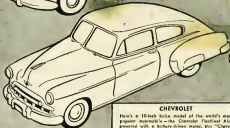
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HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make the accurate 12-inch Buick model complete with seats and wheels, all steel! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight! And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model! Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 207.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 12-inch Buick model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Flivver! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER:

Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED**, Plans/Building Toys, 1001 Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number.

Your CHRISTMAS Daisy READY



FAMOUS READY EQUIPMENT

RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

DESIGNED BY RENEE BARRON, A. I.

Tell Dad you'd like this honey, straight-shooting cowboy carbine for Christmas! Promise him you'll shoot safely always. Daddy's new **RYDER CARBINE** looks, feels, handles like a real western cowboy's saddle gun. Genuine Carbine King, 480 **RYDER** range on Pistol Grip Stock, No. 111—only \$4.95 at dealers. Or buy it with cash you get for Christmas!

NO. 111
\$4.95
GUN ALONE

NO. 211 - DAISY BB GUN 'N' SCOPE TARGET OUTFIT Complete



ONLY **\$7.50**

Carbine
BBS BB'S
CARBINE'S
PUMP HANDLE
PUMP SCOPE MOUNT MOUNTING

WITH BATTERY, BATTERY BOARD, BATTERY LAMP, CHIPPED TARGET, BATTERY PUMP HANDLE, BATTERY PUMP HANDLE, NO. 211 complete outfit on payable card only \$11.50

NO. 22
\$6.95
GUN ALONE

DO NOT BUY
ANY OTHER
DAYS ON
THE MARKET.
SEE YOUR DEALER
FOR THE LATEST
DAYS ON THE MARKET
IN BOSTON, MASS. STATE

Get and Shoot DAISY PUMP GUN King of All Air Rifles

Here's the finest Daisy air gun ever! Extremely accurate for real target shooting. A 20-shot force feed magazine, take-down mount. Pump (pistol) slide toward neck to cock! Use metal pump and blue with beautiful "gold" engraved, engraved gold-lined, extra or jacket to clean pump work. Be the Suggested Boy in Town—own a Daisy Pump! Ask Dad to get you for Christmas—or get it with your own "Christmas Cash." No. 22—only \$6.95 at your hardware, sporting or department store.

NO. 325 2-WAY TARGET OUTFIT with CONVERTIBLE PUMP GUN



\$9.95

Shiny Steel Rifle
or SAPE, new
Jawlin Cast Bolt
2000 ft. per sec. velocity
with 2000 ft. per sec. B.B. per
sec. 2 from the industry's
most accurate, best
TARGET, 2-WAY, 200 ft. per sec. 20
Daisy's
Daisy's
Daisy's

2000 ft. per sec. velocity, best accuracy
Daisy's
Daisy's
Daisy's

Announcing
the NEW DAISY
GIANT POUCH
of Bulls Eye Shot



176
BB's
7 for

DAISY AIR RIFLES

5¢

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. 1221, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.